

Mount Ætna's Flames.

O R, The Sicilian Wonder,

Really manifesting, and plainly demonstrating, the prodigious effects of that dreadful Spectacle of those furious Flames of Mount Ætna (an Island call'd Sicily in the King of Spain's dominions,) which in 40 days time destroyed the Habitations of twenty seven thousand persons, made two hills of one a thousand Paces high a peice, and hath allready much Indanger'd the famous City of Catania which the Inhabitants are forc'd to desert for fear of ruine and destruction.

Tune of, *Troy Town.*



Come hear a wonder, people all
Of an untainted prodigy,
A mountain that consumes up all
Within the Isle of Sicily,
The flames as fierce, no stop can be
But its fury how we see.

O all the wonders in the world
Of which the learned men do boast,
For one like this, is to be found
And brought to light and publick sight
Though strange, the true witness can
I know to many a learned man.

In Sicily an Island fair
Under the rule of Spain's great King,
A mountain is, without compare
Which doth to many towns bring,
What is their fate, but lies so high
We have sad conclusion to try.

Mount Ætna it is call'd by name
A fearful sight to behold,
And neither hath describ'd the same
Wherefore to speak I may be bold
The flames which do from thence proceed
Paves many a melting heart to bleed.

Catania that City fair
Full fifteen miles from this same place
Is threaten'd with the flames so near
The people in a wofull case,
Least they should fear, as neighbours do
Which makes their heart, be full of woe.

The fiery flames from thence proceed
And cinders, they fly up amain,
Which Sulphur mixes the same both red
And rolling stones, return again,
A sad and wofull sight to see
Whose souls in that perplexity.

From out the rock a river flows
Like burning flames unto the eye,
And in a Channel strange it flows
With flames that seem to scale the sky,
Nothing is seen but smoke and fire
Which makes the people all admire.

So hundred yards into the sea
This burning river issues by force,
Still flaming most importunately
It depicts a dreadful fiery course
In sight so fatal, the same comes nigh
That presently fall down and dye.

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The fiery flames from thence proceed
And cinders, they fly up amain,
Which Sulphur mixes the same both far
And rolling stones, return again,
A sad and wofull sight to see
Whose souls in that perplexity.

From out the rock a river flows
Like burning flames unto the eye,
And in a Channel strange it flows
With flames that seem to scale the sky,
Nothing is seen but smoke and fire
Which makes the people all drowse.

So hundred yards into the sea
This burning river issues by force,
Still flaming most importunately
It depicts a dreadful fiery course
In sight so fatal, the same comes nigh
That presently fall down and dye.

The Second Part to the same Tune.

These Rocks in one this flame hath put
each one a thousand paces high,
And what Davis makes fully cut
it hath before most furiously:
Water and fire, good servants are
But once being spatters, rage and fear.

Do but observe and you shall find
that former ages were his kind,
For 'tis the fire, that out of mine
such flames from Etna's mount to shine
A dreadful sight it is to see
Huge flames like Atomes tog should be.

In forty dayes it did destroy
the habitations and the tower,
Of twenty seven thousand men
and left them all abroad to roam,
Castles and Towns it swallowed down
In full sight as eye men shew.

The woods with and ravings loud
which were before in this beautiful place
But the flames now as in a cloud

poor people are in fearful case,
The eyes, and heart be compassed
As they themselves like flames of fire.

Yet should this earthquake hath destroy'd
some wealth some millions of good gold,
People of all sorts it may be
by looking to the flames so wild,
They know what pity they deserve
which now do want to live and stir.

When we but take a serious view
of what he follows in this place,
How all your grief it will remove
to see what reason it does not take,
How then give thanks to God on high
That his such judgments are not high.

And last of all observe the scene
of this prodigious mountain birth,
Which rocks and hills both overturn
and with defect, our speaker earth,
And then conclude this story's end
Which I have let forth to your view.

A List of the most considerable Towns and places ruin'd and destroyed by the dreadful Earth-quake and Eruption.

The Town of *Nicopolis* wholly Ruin'd by the Earthquake.

The Towns of *Palma* and *Tricassano* the greatest part destroyed by the Earthquake.

The Towns of	{	<i>La Guardia,</i>	}	Wholly Over- flowed, Consumed and lost in this fiery inundation, with all the Lands be- longing to them no Footsteps of them remaining.
		<i>Malpasso,</i>		
The Towns of	{	<i>Campo Rotondo,</i>	}	
		<i>La Petrella.</i>		
		<i>St. Antonio,</i>		
		<i>St. Pietro,</i>		
		<i>Messiniano,</i>		
		<i>Montepoli,</i>		
		<i>La Annunziata,</i>		
		<i>Falisco,</i>		
		<i>Placchi,</i>		

The Towns of *Masculano* and *St. Giovanni de Galermo* Ruin'd in part.

The large Gardens and Vineyards of *Albanelli* Overflowed and Destroyed.

The Famous Piece of Antiquity of *Marcus Marcellus* much Ruin'd.

Sanctus de Masferrato destroyed, besides many Castles, Farms, and other Places, which have run the same Fortune, whose Names we for brevity give over.

Printed for P. Colpe, T. Parr, and J. Wright.